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AN
OLD MAID'S
REVERIE

BY
MATTIE
CORY

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OLD MAID'S
REVERIE

By
MATTIE CORY.

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CHAPTER I.

AN ORDERLY OLD MAID.

Oh, dear me! what disorder everything is in—how it does worry me. It's work, work, and I don't get things straightened out to my satisfaction—everything is in such a muddle. I pull at one point and that draws up a score more that hang together; and what a time I do have getting them individualized into a harmonious whole!

I, an old maid—an orderly old maid, and unable to find a place for everything; then when I do, people won't acknowledge the situation. No, they never will put anything in my proper place! It's a fact we lack conveniences; some people dump all kinds of old rubbish into the heart or into the soul; there are so few people that really know what belongs in the latter, and not until they realize they have one, will they know what actually belongs there.

It is not so concerned about the heart, this being a physical organ with physical functions to perform relative to spiritual things only in an insignificant way ; but to see every old thing dumped into the soul gives me a sense of disarrangement that is hard to endure. As to the heart, I suppose we put all good feelings there, all elevating feelings, I mean, for some sort of feelings are not really good, when balanced by the only true measure.

What language we do have! To think that the word "good," when expressed, should sometimes mean bad is almost enough to incite one to revise the English language! The farther I go the worse mess I get into. But I was thinking of the heart and wondering what we would put there. It is usually considered the seat of the affections, which are often more devilish than otherwise. Yes, friendship often leads to more devilishness than one would be able to figure up. The heart is of the world; we put the devil in there, and God, that part of us which is for good and righteousness, that part of God which expresses His individuality

through us, we put in the soul. *I* have found a place for God, and a place for the devil, but the trouble is, will other people put them there; will they understand it is the proper place for each as I do?

Strange I made that mistake at first, to the extent of nearly putting God into the heart, but it is so easy to make mistakes; there is so much rubbish to contend with in the views of the people. What disorder they do create! I would like to see them all brought to the focus of one point and then everything would be all right, provided, of course, it were the right one, and it *will* be when we get there. We are coming to that one point, slow but sure, and when we do arrive, one faith will harmonize and embrace all spiritual and mundane affairs.

But what a lot of old rubbish we will have to get rid of before we get there! It is terrible to contend with in modern civilization, and they will keep on making new rubbish faster than we can dispose of the old.

Yes, indeed, what a lot of this stuff we fool with, wasting our energies on what does not

amount to anything. Who made it all, God, the devil or just *we*? If this thing goes on, the whole world will become artificial. The world is so clever it will fool God out of business, and He will have to begin all over again. Doll babies for babies, and then the end.

But no, I will not have it that way! Something will surely turn up to put a damper on artificial constructions, else my work is vain. Yes, indeed, this new rubbish of various kinds that is being constructed seems to be about as much out of order as the old; as much out of harmony with God. All this stuff has no foundation and will not stand alone; is old and rotten, and rotten before it is old, and furnishes an environment for me that makes me feel like a fish out of water. But what does the world care for an old maid! It simply ignores what sort of conditions it creates for her to endure. It does not care how hard it makes her work trying to straighten things up. It is a cold, hard, cruel world that I have to endure with patience, long-suffering and peace!

Where am I at? I do have such a time keeping myself in order. I have enough to do to

keep track of myself without bothering with anybody else and their rubbish.

Let's see, I started out to find a proper place for one's feelings. I have had so many I sometimes wish I had been born without them. I wonder if I would have been different? It makes me feel so disgusted and forlorn to see everything in such disorder, and the main trouble is that the other half of me is not in his proper place. Perhaps he, too, realizes the fact. I have been told so, but I do not believe all I am told. He may have got tangled up in some old rubbish—it is all a mystery to me. I have had chances, of course, to get halves that were not mine, but did not want to participate in such disorderly arrangements.

To get married and still be troubled with that half-whole feeling; with the feeling of possessing an incumbrance that would drag on one's mental and physical condition, would not pay in any sense of the word. It is clear to be seen that all my unhappiness is caused by disorder. Why, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, you do not know *all* there is to be known about "old maids" and order! You were never an old

her husband

→ men

maid, and how can you know how one feels?

too picky
You say they "are disagreeable because they are orderly," but you do not remark how disagreeable the world is to them because it is so disorderly. When you talk of old maids, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, you don't know what you are spouting about!

There are not many of us that do know what we are talking about. We are *all* out of order. Do put things to rights, somebody! But we never will get them there so long as our hearts are filled with strife, one against the other, and the devil against God, and it is always the devil's strife against God that I deplore; not God's against the devil. Although some people may deplore God's strife against the devil, and honor the devil's arrangements all they please, if they think that honoring the devil will overcome evil, there must be something the matter with their thinking machines.

God's plan is the only plan. When we get tired of our own, perhaps we will try His, and do away with the devil's constructions; then everything will be nice and orderly, which will make *all* the "old maids" happy.

CHAPTER II.

"YOU KISSED ME."

It seems to me that I am rambling a good deal, but such disorder is enough to drive me crazy! It is a wonder how I have ever survived it all. The discords a man brings into my life sometimes, causes me to vibrate against him just because he is not in order with my order.

Now, there was Tom—but that was many years ago. I wonder what he is doing today; is thinking of, is feeling, and does he still think of me? If he does, I wonder what are his thoughts? Tom used to have savage feelings toward me, and I thought such savagery entirely out of order as love, although some love very savagely—so savagely that they murder the object of their affections to appease it. But Tom's savagery was not of that kind, yet it was a queer savagery that I could not under-

stand as love, although it was, of course, *his* kind of love.

He was a very good fellow, with the exception of this love of his; I liked him when he did not love me so strenuously, and thought as he *was* a very good fellow I would try to love him. To be sure, Tom did not drink, to the extent, at least, of requiring attention, of becoming so helpless that he would become one's "little tootsy wootsy," and have to be taken care of as a sweet, pure, innocent little babe.

Oh, Tom was a very good fellow, who ate pie with his fork—so orderly, of course—did not smoke, chew tobacco, swear or use liquor to the extent of dizziness; had white teeth, and took a bath at least once a week; never got angry—in fact, was an all-round good fellow; so it seemed to me that it was all right to have him around, but the trouble was, his love for me. I could not get along with that! Yes, his love seemed to be the greatest obstacle in the way of any closer relations. I feel a guilty conscience over it all, Tom, but it could never

Characteristics
of a good man

have been otherwise. I have no idea that I could have changed your love so that it would have been in harmony with the order of my being, and I feel guilty because I encouraged you.

I wanted to get married; not because I was afraid of turning into a disagreeable, orderly old maid, but that seemed the only way I could satisfactorily adjust myself to the order of my being, to bring about harmonious arrangements with myself.

why

Yes, I have tried to get married; I have tried as hard as ever I could, but everything was out of order! Alas! the unsurmountable barriers of fate; they rise up before me like a stone wall.

This is the way I felt, Tom:

"YOU KISSED ME!"

The tide of my being flowed farther away,
And it was thus your caresses my feelings did
sway;
Your arms held me fast while indignant I grew,
My love microbes were firm in not responding
to you.

They were in a high-strung nerve tension of
 blood boiling rage,
While my mind was as calm as that of a sage,
And the waves of their tumult swept over my
 being
Like a great swarm of bees that were mad-
 dened to stinging.

As intensely they love so intensely they hate,
The mean little devils, how they govern my
 fate!
I knew quite well your intentions were true,
And you'd not ask me to descend when walk-
 ing with you.

I was just the same pure, sweet girl
As when a schoolmate you knew me,
"The greatest woman on earth,"
Which, of course, was not due me.

Why am I not like other women! No, I
never did care to be like most other women.
But Tom, yours was not the kind of bloody
Indian's savagery love that some have. I will

say that much for you, but it was savagery to me.

I am sure you loved me with the best kind of love you possessed, but to begin with, your campaign was not well laid out to capture the enemy. Those little microbes that Doctor Somebody, what's his name, has discovered with his little microscope—how I would like to smash his little old machine over his head and pile it up with the other rubbish!

I liked you very well, Tom, but you *never* could have touched my soul, even had you been able to capture the microbes. You could never have formed a harmonious society with my feelings that would not fly out of order and say mean things to you. You gave me such horrid feelings! Of course, you meant all right and had no idea of the row you were stirring up against yourself.

I am sorry it ever happened, Tom; sorry for your sake, although I did not know whether it hurt you or not. I feel it did, and I am sorry. I used to go to bed and dream of *him*; I was so happy and it was all so different; and then

when I said "no," I wanted you to behave yourself and act real nice and be my friend; then I might feel different in time.

But you "would not be my friend," and you talked as though you thought I had been making a fool of you and wanted to continue operations on that line. But you were wrong, Tom. You did not understand me at all. In fact, to all but Him do I seem a foreign element, but in the home of my inner consciousness with Him there is peace and joy and love. This is real; it is life. To know *real* things we have to feel them; we never can see anything with our physical eyes, but what our soul feels is in order with reality.

This is not imagination, Tom; feeling and imagination are separate and distinct; we know our hands are ours because we feel they are. Now remember, Tom, to put imagination where it belongs.

I shall have my own way about things. I never could fathom your feelings; I did not seem to have a measure at my command that would go down into your feelings and know what you felt; that is, sympathy, Tom. You

never told me how you felt, and my imagination could not imagine.

And now I think of Len, and glory in my freedom from that tyrant, love! But was it love—that something that held your life in the mesh of mine—that, which something in my life vibrated against in exquisite agony mingled with a harmony so sweet, but not divine? What happiness, and yet, alas! what misery, a seething mass of rebellious matter, reckless disorder. Why these inconsistencies in one’s own feelings? Why these battles so far entrenched beyond the gaze of human eye, so vast and tortuous in the inner life, without a ripple on the surface to portray the tragedy behind the scenes?

Ye astrologer who told me mine was an intense, fixed love nature, was this love? If it was, then by the fates I swear ’twere best such loves as these should have a cure! An offer of marriage from a man who held me in bondage by chains that a single caress had never helped to weld! Listen, ye Fates of the house of Cupid! never again bring into my life those inharmonious relations; a disordered love. You

may manage to impose upon me to some extent, but you can't "rub it in."

Do you understand? All such loves as this meted out by you to me I will fight to the eternal finish and call it a battle well won! Why, oh why, ye Fates of the house of Cupid, are you sometimes so freakish and disorderly? That you are a mighty force I have been made to fully understand, but why such a mighty force should operate to create disorder is more than I can comprehend. Such forces seem to operate through a natural law, and these natural laws *I* cannot understand.

Divine laws are more simple, and in them alone do we find peace and joy and life and order, but what a queer order of things is represented in nature by astrology? Why should Herschel, a freak star, being in the house of marriage at my birth have anything to do in my life as to **causing** odd and unusual happenings in love affairs or marriage? How could an astrologer know that my mother "was in a peculiar state of mind at the time of my birth" and caused me to have a complex nature that is hard for most people to understand?

CHAPTER III.

THE CUTE LITTLE CUPID.

But I am wandering again. It is with you, Len, that I now have to deal. Those dark clouds of despair that settled around me when I said "no" you could not see, of course, but they were there. You did not hear my being repeating in anguish: "What is life without you?" And, alas, what would it be with you? And although in my conscious thought he was, as it were, forgotten, he came to me in dreams; and once I dreamed I were married to you, Len; then *he* came. The hideous nightmare of it all! The bitter anguish of a soul intensified in a dream! Words—how weak to express it all!

A woman that has never loved—what can such a woman be, one who has never felt that the one man was all the world to her? Well, she has missed a great deal of feeling that she

might have felt, and a consciousness according, as it is played upon, brings great happiness or great misery.

Oh, ye little word, love! When we attempt to gather up your attributes and express them in that one little word, it seems like calling a great many different things by one name. What poverty of language to express the vastness of your dimensions; the distinguishing features of your branches; the freakish inconsistencies of your doings! You are naturally an element of God, but you have become mixed with the devil!

We often call that which is selfishness, love; but I am lost in the intricacies of love and selfishness. Where does one begin and the other leave off? They seem to be so closely related, and yet so far apart. One man practices the Golden Rule because it is a part of his nature; he does right because it gives him satisfaction to do right; which shows that he is made of the right stuff, loves God and doeth righteousness; he brings order and harmony.

We see another man—a selfish man, who

looks after his own interests in a way to conflict with the interests of his fellowmen; in such a way that he is continually stirring up disorder. One fits into the perfection of God's plan, the other is a warring element against it.

There are so many ways of stirring up disorder. There is the man who lives in his room upstairs that is out of order and has worried me just because he does not know me, and *see* me and can not measure me with *his* measurements, although he thinks he can, of course. He is one of those who think everybody is like everybody else and can be measured with the same measure. That is the way he does with me—gets me toggled up in his mind in someone's old clothes that do not fit me, and I don't even know myself in, and I think to myself, "if I look like that, I had better put *myself* on the rubbish pile."

Well, Tom, it happened this way: He is a connoisseur of females—whatever *you* may be, you were never that—and he had so many photographs of them in his room that the situation looked interesting. Among them all there

was a Cupid that looked all out of sorts about something, and it gave me the impression that such arrangements were out of order.

To me, an old maid, who believes only in that kind of love which makes one man and one woman love each other truly, this Cupid's expression struck me as very suggestive, and, thinks I, to myself, in an innocent sort of a way, "I will express those suggestions and put them up by the side of Cupid," and it all came to me how to do it in poetry, and I did it, not dreaming I was doing anything wrong or so wondrously wicked as to cause the devil to smile upon me; and to this day I can not see that I was doing anything out of order.

I believe I do not write poetry very orderly, and by what I can learn, writing poetry is considered by some a very bad thing to do. But it *must* have been the poetry, for I cannot see anything out of order with the sentiment. Yes, this is what started it, this little scrap of poetry. It was looked at by him from a wrong point of view, which, if I could get hold of, I would thoroughly disinfect and pile up with

the other rubbish. Now, let us read you over once again with our eyes open, and see if we can discover anything the matter with you.

Here's a cute little Cupid,
What makes him so stupid?
Why is he so shy?

Why don't he at some of those ladies take
aim?
Perform his mission;
Bring forth his fruition
Of joy and sorrow, as he plays with his
game?

Or is he mad and disgusted
Because he can't hit an old batch
And make up a match?

He thought he read it, Tom, but he did not.
I wonder what there is in that that would make
a man think I am a brute and walk on four
legs? I certainly did write that with the most
innocent feelings I ever felt; I did not put it

there for an "advertisement," as he thought; I did not expect results, but I got them. Dirty, nasty, sickening results!

Not trying to harmonize the results with the man, I must say he is a very good, unselfish one as the world goes, and he might have been showing his unselfishness in this affair. I had rather think good than evil of any one if there is any chance to so think, but it was all owing to his little old disordered point of view that I tried to straighten out, and couldn't, just because I could not change his feelings which were all out of order with my feelings and all kinds of order.

Here, Tom, are the results that were returned to me, pinned tight to my innocent, curiosity-bred verse.

"What is life without that pleasure? Come up to my room this evening."

Why, what was the matter with the man? Couldn't he see straight? Couldn't he read straight? Didn't he need tidying up and arranging over? *Love*, that sacred word dragged into sewers of filth through a mind that—well,

it seems to me, has no conception of what love between the sexes should be!

That man never saw *me* when he looked at me; he saw himself, or some other woman, but not *me*. Perhaps he thought he was offering me a favor that would bring the very essence of happiness into my life, for he is a very unselfish man. But what does *he* know about "old maids?" Nothing but an illusion of his own conception, born and bred and fed from the essence of his *own* life and the lives of women with whom he associates. He knew something that he did not know.

There is so much known that is not known about everybody and everything; so many illusions and superfluities! But can I bring his intelligence to the right point of view? It is exasperating to express an idea and see it come back to one deformed, ugly and unrecognizable.

Oh, what's the use of talking when one can't
be understood?

I question with severity is talking any good;

And what a gay deceiver our language seems
to be,
Even when from all deception our hearts are
entirely free.

If I in language do portray a thought that's in
my mind,
In the think-cap of another it does not look like
mine.
It's time for a new invention of a magnetic ray
To put thought in action and carry it on its
way.

And that arouses another query in my mind.
Would a thought machine work? In giving
the idea proper attention from the right point
of view, I find it would not where thought is
related to feeling. I feel—I don't think all I
feel. I can not get it in order as thought. Feel-
ing is deeper and broader than thought.

As a man feeleth so is he. My thoughts are
a feeble growth from feeling; my language a
feeble expression of thought.

We cannot see each other unless we feel

alike. To walk through life unseen and unknown is rather disagreeable in one sense. I have great sympathy for God; we cannot see Him unless we have Godly feelings. But the idea of my sympathies for God! The idea that God cares for anyone's sympathy measured by our little, narrow, crooked, personal feelings!

But now about that invitation to a private entertainment. Shall I answer it? I think I shall, and try to throw off the mask with which he has enveloped me. Why, to be sure, I prefer being seen as I am than to be masked by myself or by any one else. There is never any real sympathy between masked people, but they *do* seem to get a lot of fun out of it, and the ones who are best at concealing themselves are, I believe, considered very smart, but such smartness is out of order. It is putting smartness in the wrong place and honoring the devil, and that is honor in the wrong place.

In tracing the source of all my troubles I always find something out of order. Order was God's first law, and that makes me feel good to think I am so near Him in my orderliness. I

am having a heart to heart talk with myself. Myself is a very interesting person. I have always been on very good terms with myself and like the company of myself, but some people do not seem to like themselves in a way; they don't seem to have any playhouse in their make-up and want some one to amuse them, and if one does not do so, they are called selfish, but they—the ones who want to be amused, I mean—are *not* selfish in wishing one to amuse *them*, not at all. So disorderly are some people's thoughts.

Now to the man in his room. Does he think I am a practical wooden thing? Have I no practicalism in my nature? To be sure I have, but *my* practicality and sentimentality are on very good terms and refuse to part company. Some think practicalism and sentimentalism are enemies, and they put them apart, but they are only in order when they are together.

What is practicalism without sentimentalism? Nothing but a wooden horse! The world is a gush and vanity show operated by wooden horses that have no life in them; the

same old thing forever and ever! They will not apply new inventions, the same old thrills are cultivated and practiced.

Some put conscience in with the wooden things for no other reason, apparently, than to see itself pulling itself out and trying to establish itself in its proper place. When they have a good driver practicalism and sentimentalism work together like a charm; sentiment puts life into the wooden horse and the wooden horse brings the other down to business. The world will have to get them together before it can bring order out of chaos, and results of the right sort; with conscience as a driver it would get there.

Oh, excuse me, ye man in your room; I was forgetting you, but I did not mean to. I will send you myself as near as I can express myself in a letter.

Mr. —: I am here; this is me in a greater degree than my *body* would be. The pleasure you speak of would not be any pleasure to me; I do not know what an animal desire is. I consider myself more highly organized than an

animal, capable of finer pleasures and deeper sorrows. Desire comes to me only when it is born of love, but I am not so hard up as you imagine, for I have had chances to marry—yes, legally marry—though it may be hard for you to connect an old maid in your mind with such chances—good, true men, and men that were not so good and true.

But if God is my commander I cannot go astray, for I have been taught by feeling and experience that there is another part of me. Perhaps it is the soul of me—I'm sure I cannot say:

It reveals a bliss eternal for two united souls;
A harmony tuned to the chimes of heaven
It quite clear to me unfolds;
And 'tis that other self of me that beats me
in the fray
Whenever I try to get married in the ordinary
way.

It keeps dinning on my consciousness there is
but one for me I say,

'Tis best that other self of you should go
with me my way.

On me you are dependent for the life that is
eternal,

If you marry one I don't approve, you make my
life infernal.

Sure, if I had married as opportunity presented I would have gone astray—astray from the highest laws of my being—and so I have traveled my little narrow, old-maid path because it was the pleasantest one in sight.

I will excuse the insult because I think—looking from *your* point of view—you meant no harm. When I wrote that poetry I was not thinking of passion or desire; but *love*—love as *I* feel it, which is a very orderly love, to be sure. I would not insult Cupid by insisting on his bearing the burden of passion. “What is life without *that* pleasure?” you ask. Why, it is heaven compared to life that only expresses *that* pleasure on a low, beastly, sensual plane!

The lives of such people would be hell to me! Would I wade through sewers of filth

and call it "pleasure?" No! Neither in the physical or spiritual sense of the expression. *I* find pleasure in living up to my ideals, and the world shall not smash them. *I* feel in my ideals and they smash the so-called real.

"I need a good hugging to make me think better of the world" do I? 'There he goes again; I can't open his eyes so that he can catch the least glimpse of *me*. Well, perhaps that is what I need—the embrace of a kindred spirit—

* * * To shut out the world from my sight
Day and night.

'Twould certainly make my horizon bright;

'Twould dispel that gray feeling of dense isolation

Which makes me feel such internal desolation.

A kindred spirit to mingle with me in ecstasy

in which the soul is the key,

And the body is made to agree.

I can't make that man see me

And that's what bothers me.

With his own little measure
He gauges all pleasure,
And has no eyes for pleasure
Unless it's just the size of his measure.

But he has a big heart which is not all devilish, to be sure, though it's out of order; it does not bring the right results, and it is the results that count. I believe an old batch is pickled in one kind of the germs of disorder and breeds disorder wherever he goes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTRY.

I think I will write a book regarding "old maids," for being one myself I would be perfectly familiar with the subject. The whole country seems to have one little viewpoint from which it looks at them, and that little point seems to be sadly out of order with the reality of things, but quite in order with the world's order, which is an upside-down order of things.

Yes, I will write a book. I can express myself in plain English language well enough to be understood and I know the country's needs. Is not that excuse enough for writing a book? Will I not be showing a very patriotic spirit by delivering myself up in that way for my country's good? The country seems to be in an alarmingly critical condition, too, on other subjects besides "old maids," and more than one is asking "What is the matter with the country?"

It is very easy to tell: It is for me, at least. I must be a person of superior wisdom. That is why I look down on the country and do not care which way it looks at me—which is always down. Queer thing how it is done, but it *is* done, and how? Merely a difference in point of view caused by feelings as to what constitutes value.

Value! What a queer thing this is! How many false standards of value that will go into bankruptcy as the country draws nearer to a realization of *true* values? What we value we look up to, and vice versa. Of course, it is the country's values and not mine that passes current, and if I respected the standard values of the country I would not be an old maid. But what do I care for an old, diseased, deformed country!

Yes, to be sure, the country is deformed; that is what's the matter. It is suffering from an oversupply of what *it* values, which represents badness. The country is not allowed to grow natural; it has become top-heavy with a sort of intellect and foolishness which has no

moral support; it does not grow moral sense because it despises poor, low, common moral sense. It is so smart it thinks it can get along without any of this; it thinks there is nothing smart about moral sense, and if it sees a little sprig of it sprouting up it will trample it down.

But some time during the course of natural circumstances it will find its ideals falling, for everything that has no moral sense to preserve it is bound to get rotten. It is a wonderful thing that there is any moral sense left in the country with the almighty effort being made to eradicate it by educating it out of the country. It shows it is the real thing and is determined to live. Its branches may be killed, but its roots can not be.

I look to myself to prove its natural growth, for in spite of circumstances favorable for educating it out of me I find I have more than when I was a child, and the most I have done in life to be sorry for was done then, but I was contrary and would not have it educated out of me. I was an anarchist and was against it. I used to say this with the wisdom of a child that

was blossoming into an "old maid." Says I to the country :

"Your life is made up of rules ; you are constantly multiplying them and think that by so doing you are enlarging your life, but such life as that must tumble, decay and die, for it is not the real life. Your life is made up of such rules as, thou shalt not eat with a knife, instead of 'thou shalt not steal'; 'thou shalt not bear false witness;' 'thou shalt not commit adultery,' etc., etc. *You* live the superfluities instead of the realities.

"What would Christ say to such proceedings? Why, you would be all out of order with Him if He appeared on earth. He would say you were not a Christian nation, and you would call Him a tramp and say He was anything but a gentleman."

As I said before, the country having such a big growth of foolishness and intellect, and not having much moral sense to support it, and in the natural order of things moral sense should come first, then the intellect should be built up on it and the country would have something

that would stand. But it knocks moral sense and boosts the intellect and the will and foolishness, which results in an unnatural structure which time will efface if *I* can not manage to get it into my trash pile and burn it up before its natural time of dissolution comes.

Consider the country's colleges. They boost the intellect, but by their hazings is shown the bitterness with which they oppose moral sense. If *I* had the power I would pass a law to horse-whip those that commit such outrages against moral sense. Really, it takes moral courage to keep one's place in the universe and do right now-a-days; one has to say: "Get thee behind me, country, for you are Satan."

Then there is too much charity in the country. People think it is charity that is most needed, when, actually, it is *justice*. Charity is a good thing, to be sure, when rightly directed by wisdom's guidance, but if the country ignores sin through mercy, which is *not* mercy while it has so little moral sense feeling, what will it come to? Every time one tells a lie in place of truth; every time they do a mean trick,

they show their want of patriotism, for they are pulling their country down by every bad deed done.

This is the kind of patriotism that is in order with the true order of things, which is God's order. This is the only patriotism that will stand the test of time. It is *not* a patriotism invented by an old maid, but *is* one discovered by her, and if she can get the other rubbish in her trash pile, she will think she has done something for her country—even if the loss of it does make the baby cry—and brought a sweet satisfaction to her instincts of destruction that is worth a mighty effort to experience

To be sure, it is nothing but false values that is the matter with the country, and none can dispute me. Does not the country laud a mean trick up to the sky, look up to it, worship it and make an ideal of it? Is it not pronounced "cunning" and "clever"? Is not moral sense entirely out of it when an estimate is placed upon it? The country looks up to, holds up such, and calls it "success," until success is get-

ting to be a bitter enemy of the country itself. Some go against it in lip service, but it is only soul service that counts when one goes against anything.

The country must die before it can live. Now I have considered an estimate of a mean trick, how about an honest one? Here is where true metal shows to the eye that can perceive it—not the eye of the country, for such looks down on an honest trick—and it takes moral courage, if one cares for the opinion of the country, to do a common honest trick.

Perhaps they will learn what cheap fools they are, some time; some day in the course of natural events they will have a fall and hurt their heads, then they will not be who they thought they were—I have heard of such things as people hurting their head and it making some one else of them—and instead of being somebody they will be nobody, and being nobody will be hell for them according to the natural order of things for which I, an old maid, am in no way responsible.

I see by the papers that one faction of the

“Business Woman’s Club” is going to start a crusade against mashers, and I do hope they will put a stop to the whole business. Who shouldn’t despise a low, beastly man that thinks every woman his eye rests upon is *his* kind of woman! And who shouldn’t despise a *woman* whose whole stock in trade is mashing men! Who should not despise a girl who will cast furtive glances at strange men, giggle and simper in a soft, mushy way, showing herself a stranger to the instinct of true womanhood!

But all this mash crusade seems to be aimed at the *men* entirely. What is the purport of it, I wonder? Do the women want to form a mash trust and monopolize the business? Let us see what a high authority like Dorothy D— has to say on the subject. She says:

“The women have to do the mashing; they have to get in the man’s way so that he will break his neck in order to get past them.” Then she says: “It takes high-heel French shoes to walk all over a man, low heel shoes will not mash him.”

Dorothy D—— must think women are imbibing all the strenuity of the times and their

sole aim in life should be to work it off in mashing men. But she does not see them *all* from her little point of view; neither does she see all the men.

It is queer, though, how easy some women are mashed. There was the woman who wrote to the man she did not know, and told him that "she passed him on the street, looked at him, but *he* did not look at her, and as she passed him she felt as though she had encountered an electric wire."

I wonder what that woman needs to protect her and what ought to be done with a man for acting that way! It is a dangerous man that emits electricity in that way; he must be as dangerous as dynamite. He should be guarded by the militia or put in the Colorado "Bull Pen."

There they go after "old maids" again! This old maid lore is as deep rooted in the placid, smooth-running rut-furrowed elements of their minds as some other things. I must get right down to business and write a book with the honest intention of stirring them up. What shall the title be? Oh, yes, I have it:

CHAPTER V.

“AN OLD MAID AS SHE IS.”

I am an old maid. Can you see me? How do I look? Oh, yes, you see me; tall and thin, with a sharp nose, a sharp chin and a sharp aspect generally, giving you the impression, no doubt, that I am a pretty sharp proposition to run up against, and that is the reason you have formed for my being an “old maid”—a poor old maid that never had a chance to get married.

Another sees me and I look to them just like a picture they saw in a paper, entitled “an old maid,” which does not look like me at all, and only goes to show that the daily papers do not always educate people in the realities of life, but aim to amuse them on superfluities, which have their effect on life, just the same, but that is another story.

Here is the story about the picture I refer

to. "An old maid had distinguished herself by stopping a runaway horse. Stepped in front of it and exposed her face, no doubt." This old maid—why did they not send for her picture instead of imagining how she looked?—has the usual sharp chin and nose; is attired in a spotted dress and apron; has a very peculiar headgear; is very homely, of course, with a receding head, high in firmness and self-esteem.

She does not resemble any old maid I ever saw or ever knew, but does slightly resemble some married ladies I have met. Of course, you have this imaginary picture in your mind. It is a fact that every one knows how an old maid looks without seeing her. Every one pictures them as being built after the same pattern, the pattern that was "left over," of course.

Another sees me as being very orderly and incapable of loving. This one, perhaps, may have several old maid acquaintances that do not sustain her assertions or, perhaps, she knows nothing about old maids except the traditions that have been handed down from generation

to generation. But she is not orthodox in her religious belief,—why should she be in this? How hard it is to shake these fixed beliefs of the people! They will, with the illusion in their mind, oppose the real fact before their eyes.

Perhaps another sees me, and she, too, applies the worn out saying. “A poor old maid” who never caught a man because she never went after him; “you never stood in his path and made such a mighty effort to catch him that he would have had to break his neck to get past you. No, you never *tried* to catch a man,” she thinks, “and that’s the reason you have not caught one.”

“You don’t know anything about the man-catching sport; what must your life be to never have experienced the delights of this great, thrilling man-catching game? What a failure your life has been, and ’tis strange you never catch on when you have so much instruction right before your very eyes! You have to go *after* them, if you want to catch them, with the bait of hypocrisy, cunning and deceit. You

will never catch them by being modest, good and virtuous."

Well, the importance *you* make of catching them surprises me! I contemplate your views with wonder and amazement! Your measure of life as looked upon from my point of view is shallow, silly and repulsive! We old maids have noticed how you catch them, and it is a cheap, trashy game, and has made the men look so cheap to *us* that their possession would seem a burden. Have we no place in our life for man? Oh, yes, but *men* are so rare—we want none of *your* cheap men—that will fit into that place, so few, as we see them, could furnish a panacea for that aching void in our life!

I do not think old maids are worrying about the men as much as you are, and even if the right one in her estimation came her way she would not block his pathway or appeal to his lower nature, for if she really were the right one the instincts of his own being would recognize the fact.

If we went into the man-catching game this is how we would do it. We would appeal to

all that was highest and noblest in him, and if we failed our failure would be based upon the principle that our appeal was lost among the rocks of his nature; that we were foreign to each other, and in our spirit's longing we would realize that we had sought but did not find. And, like the prospector for the precious metals, we would seek again and, perhaps, again, trying the depths to our satisfaction to meet with, perhaps, nothing but disappointment after a life of prospecting, as the greater majority of prospectors must.

That is how an old maid would attempt to capture a man if she *made* the effort. Does it look to you as if she was dying for a man or something that wore pants?

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRUNK.

Writing a book is very tiresome, so I think I will rest and put my trunk in order for a change. What a lot of stuff I do collect in my trunk, and to allow the truth, it never is any too orderly—which does not bother me so long as it is out of sight.

But, old trunk, if I did not straighten you out sometimes, you would be monopolized by papers of all kinds, some of them broken parts of *me*, which would surely indicate that an old maid is all broke up. I will take these broken parts up and examine them with my present sight, which, I imagine, is as good as ever for the discernment of things out of harmony.

Oh, harmony! I am forever fighting to establish harmony; that high order of harmony which my soul covets. But, alas, all my efforts seem in vain! Those new fangled ideas that

come from nowhere—and were made out of nothing and have no foundation—can never convince me that I am the cause of all the unharmony I perceive and feel; that my soul rebels against. When I want peace, and glorious harmony, I crawl into myself and find myself alone with my soul; my soul takes command and it's a jolly, peaceable, self-satisfying time we do have.

My soul is the jewel of my life! Would I sell my soul, that emanation from God, for money? Surely not! My soul brings satisfaction in a way that money never could. How well I remember the circumstance that brought me to realize that I possessed a soul. What a conviction it brought to me; how it flooded my whole being with the light of higher thought, higher feeling, more pure pleasures and happiness so serene, so holy, so much greater than the grosser self can comprehend.

Now I will collect myself together, bring myself to order and start in on my trunk, feeling that good, orderly feeling that will extend itself to this same trunk. Many years have you

been the sharer of my joys and sorrows; the keeper of my secrets like a true and lasting friend. You have held the secrets of the greatest sorrow of my life, connected with the regeneration of my soul.

Oh, soul! I thought Bob Ingersoll was the greatest man on earth before you made yourself known to me, and then you sprang up, revealing to my inner consciousness a light that put him in the shadows, although his reasonings looked several shades lighter than orthodox theology. Still you showed me there was something so true and beautiful far beyond the ken of his vision—I might more truly say, feeling.

What a lovely visit we are having, old trunk; you always have behaved yourself, but you have been horribly abused just because you are helpless, but “might makes right” in this world.

Old letters—*his* and others. Where is that strange, mysterious last letter? Here it is; I never could make it out, though I have read it time and again. Now I will read it once more,

but, thank God! not with the old time anguish,
for that has passed out of my life.

"August 8th, 1882.

"Dear Mattie

“I am sorry to say adieu, but I must. Everything has gone against me. You were so interesting, and I loved you, but it is better you forget me now. I am sorry it has come to this, but who can turn the tide of destiny? I am writing this under difficulties. I must go West and see if I will have better luck. I may write to you when I get located, but do not look for anything until it comes, lest you may be disappointed. Keep or burn my letters, and if you tire of my photo, send it to my sister, ——, No. 20 Charles place, Chicago, Ill.

“Do not write unless you should hear from me or see me, but forget me. Oh, how cruel! but it is unavoidable. Once more, Mattie dear, adieu!

“Fare thee well,
And if forever,
Still forever
Fare thee well!

"Your loving friend until you may hear from me again.

HARRY."

Not much of a letter—and from a man I have never seen, but *have* felt in a way that I have never felt any one else. It is perhaps to you, Harry, that I owe the greater part of my life. *You* brought me new feelings; a soul; new life; "a peace that passeth all understanding; an anguish of spirit that is beyond compare."

Day by day I turn over the blank pages of my life that destiny has ordered *you* alone could fill, and I quote your own remark: "who can turn the tide of destiny?" My will is strong, but it cannot break down this relation of your life to mine, and I can only realize that *you* are mine.

I could cut off my hand and by artificial means be supplied with another, but would I feel it? Could I use it? Would it be anything to me except a dead weight of foreign matter? It might be made to seem like mine to observers that did not feel *my* life, but what lies, what

outrageous lies are often expressed in the seeming!

You were not my first love, nor have you been the last. I loved fixedly and intensely before I ever knew you; loved with that same starving void, but did not know what was the matter with me until *you* came into and filled my life. 'Twas then I felt whole and complete; you stirred up my nature to that feeling expressed by the words: "Nearer, my God, to Thee;" that exquisite harmony, compared to which all else is unsubstantially cheap.

Those divine vibrations of harmony which seem like the blending of two souls—heaven indeed. The *others* might have been in my life by a natural law, *you* were in my life through a divine law. A mighty, mysterious thing, this feeling I have for you; its life and faith which, under the same circumstances, engendered by any other but you would long since have died and evaporated into nothing. These divine laws that I feel. Not until our lives shape into these divine laws and they become a law of our being, can we fully appreciate them in their perfection.

In that last letter, you urged me to forget you. But *are* you forgotten? In my conscious thought these days you hold but little place, yet that void; the incompleteness that you alone can fill, will ever remain! That you are mine, Harry, *I* know, and know through *feeling*. Some day, somewhere, when you have gone through the proper development that experience brings, *you* will realize that I am yours, and I will then be far more to you than "interesting."

What your right hand is to you today in a natural sense, I will be to you then in a spiritual sense. If re-incarnation is true, it is possible you may be re-incarnated and live on earth again to bring you to a proper state of feeling as to the divine order of things—but never again, no, never again, shall *I* be brought to earth!—until that time comes I can say with feeling, we are better apart!

So have no fears, Harry, I will not kidnap you; I will not lay in wait for you on any of the dark corners of Chicago's thoroughfares. Chicago! How I do detest you! *He* was mine

until you got in your baleful experiences, whatever they were. Was it your widows, or what? Breathe the secret to me.

No, Harry, I will not wait with pistol in hand to send you into eternity, then repeat the operation on my own person that I may follow you there. My love is not savagery, but the intensity of it no savagery can measure, and to your wife—I learned you had one—I would say:

“Feel no alarm; I will send you no poisoned candy; I will not meet you on the street and throw vitriol in your face; I will not enter your home and slay you and yours; although you have taken from me that which cannot be measured by material wealth, I will not bring suit against you, but will leave it to be settled in the courts beyond material consideration.”

Some time, somewhere, Harry, I feel that you and I will blossom forth an angel, a being complete, I in you and you in me. It is growing dark now and I have made no progress on straightening out my trunk.

Here we are again, old trunk; what is this

"Bachelor Bumblebee" of several years ago? I might have been out of order as "Bachelor Bumblebee," but it is lovely to get out of order when one can do it right, and, of course, an old maid can order her own orderliness, for is not she the "lord of order?"

Her point of view is broad, and it takes in the whole panorama at a glance, while the world watches to see if one tips their hat correctly, if a male, if it is on orderly, if a female, and if they are up to date in the artificial rules of order, born of a life that must die.

Old maids can not understand the world; the world can not understand old maids. Poor old maids! Poor world! How my heart goes out to you all! What an interest I take in you! I love the world and hate it, too. Perhaps I love it as God loves it, and hate it as God hates it. That is a flat contradiction, of course, to any one that can not see through it, but that is the way I feel and *my* feelings are in order—in order with God's laws, to be sure.

I do not find all the "New Thought" ideas in my constitution, and I have one of the best

constitutions in the world. The "New Thinkers" claim one must not hate *anything*, but the truth is love and hate is the greatest combination in the world when it is combined in proper order, according to *my* tell, and my tell is, of course, a pretty hard proposition to run up against.

Speaking of love and hate, I find Mr. Bull in the order of my thoughts—the man who liked to fish better than he liked to eat; the greatest fisherman of the "Frying Pan Country." Yes, Mr. Bull told me with emphasis and decision, and in a manner that conveyed the impression that he thought he knew more than an old maid, that a "person never hated unless they had first loved the person hated."

Is that man really made that way? I wish I could see him and, perhaps, I could straighten him up, for surely a man that has hated only those whom he has first loved must be in a bad state of disorder, and has a sort of hate in his makeup that is not in order *as* hate. It is not the kind of hate which makes for righteousness, and this is the only kind of hate I will

allow any one to hate with. If I could only see what condition that man really is in! An arrangement that makes hate out of love is something *I* can not understand; I can not get on to the combination.

But *why* did he speak of everybody as himself? Oh, why will people measure every one by themselves! It is worse than trying to fit people to one's own measure—which is considered the “old maids’ ” plan. Do *I* try to fit people to *my* measure? Why, no, I try to fit them to God's measure, which is the only true measure.

What a fool I am! If I could only feel other people's feelings—not that I think I would like them better than I do my own—it might help me to put them in order. How I wish I could feel the thrill that people say they feel in witnessing a fight; a pugilistic encounter; a physical contest! I would trade off the feeling of horror and disgust that the witnessing of such an encounter would make *me* feel; I would exchange, for a short time, with any one that was willing, or I would pay so much a thrill for

some thrills that would bring into my experience the pleasure some people take in such things; it is all such mystery and curiosity.

Yes, the mystery and curiosity of other people's feelings is a state of my mind that is stirring all the time. I can not know only that which *I* feel, and what I feel through intuition, I know, and I'm sorry to say I don't know much else.

Oh, my dear intuition, you're the handmaid of my soul! You, combined with conscience, will be the savior of the world—

Because you're above the sordid earth,
You to all ethical truth give birth,
For 'tis you that makes us feel it,
Thus we know we do not steal it.
How you bathe our life with light!
How you guide us in the right,
For you are our spirit's sight.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "NEW WOMAN."

Once more, old trunk, we turn to you. Here's a clipping you have—whether saved for its worth or worthlessness I do not know, but will soon learn and place it where it belongs. I guess I will read it over.

"American women are saner, sounder and better looking than ever; they beat the world! They are more vitalized, more magnetic, cleverer and better dressed than the women of other countries"—(Oh, smother your patriotic vanity, or give *me* some of it so that I can feel how it feels!)—"They are chummier with the men; yes, the old joke about the woman who used to sit up waiting for hubby to come home is a dead one"—(The scale has turned, it seems)—"for he stays at home to keep his eyes on her, now-a-days. Women have their own interests, their own amusement, and are not wholly be-

reft even if the men they marry should neglect them. It is quite true that women twenty-five years ago did not drink in cafes as they do to-day, but they did other things much worse. They pinched in their waists, their hands and feet; they had hysterics and fainted all over the place, and to be a 'belle' one had to be in bad health."

(All this pictures high society, which I know nothing about, to be sure, only I have always carried the idea it is and always has been in a bad way. But let us continue and see what else they do.)

"They spent their days reading silly novels. Oh, the old fashioned novels of the good old days when the women went up to the drawing-room and left the men to roll under the table!"—(Did they, really, Kate? I suppose they had to do that or whoop-it-up with the boys)—"Do let us have a few faults; you can't monopolize all the sins,"—(sin, sin, beautiful, congenial sin!)

"Think how unpleasant it would be if all we women were angel things."—(Just listen to

that, old trunk. "Angel things!" Whoever heard of such?)—"It is true we don't stand on pedestals as we used to, because we hate posing"—(I'm with you there, at least)—"but we women own our husbands; there is something in that."

(Yes, the scale has turned, to be sure. But let's go on.) "Women who didn't know one wine label from another in the old times used to be very careless in that way, but drinking is now a part of fashionable life, just as it is of sporty life."—(Sporty life is becoming fashionable, it seems)—"Sinners can't now have all the cake and ale"—(drink deep of sins, fond illusions)—"nor all the fluffy lingers, for we women are taking part in things now"—("and together we'll rush the growler." I wonder what more they do?)

"We take in the yachting, the racing, the hunting, the dining and the wining,"—(who takes care of the children? I should like to know, that duty that should be a woman's pleasure and pride, at least, it seems so to me, an old maid)—"but there is less intemperance

than ever before"—(don't believe it)—"Epicureanism has developed, and women have helped it along. The endless list of wines that used to disfigure dinners has been banished, which of itself, is an example of the tendency of the times." (I don't know; it is pretty hard to get such superfluities on the trash pile; glad you are doing that much; it leaves less for me to do.) "Women have done it; in fact, women are no longer silly as they used to be; they have become more companionable with husbands, brothers and men friends, and the result is educative."

(Educative! how, I wonder; you are very inconsistent. If women have fallen from "angels" to brutes, it must be "educative" in a brutish way. The idea of an angel being educated by a brute! But let me see what more rubbish there is to put on the trash pile.)

"The stupid woman is the only impossible one today; beauty is no longer the great good thing unless it has an accompaniment of brains." (What kind of brains? There are godly brains and devilish brains, moral brains

and intellectual brains. Which sort passes current?)

“Our millionaires are all marrying stage girls because they are out of the prunes and prisms class and can talk of something besides clothes.” (Just think of *millionaires*, the greatest, best and most desirable men on earth!) “We are not afraid to laugh now.” (What’s this? I recently read a statement made by a high authority, that the laugh was going out of style. But if I read on, it may explain.)

“Time was when a pleased simper like the smile on the face of a cat was all that was allowed in boarding-schools. The woman who laughs now is the woman who wins.”

(So, the laugh has really gone up! What sort of inflation is this? But let me go on.) “The girls of today who are able to get in on the golf links, at the pool table after dinner, or take a hand at whist or poker, are able to take their dinners as well, and the lords of creation no longer have all the good things to themselves.”

(There they go, make the word "good" express bad! Such disorder! What else is there, for goodness sake, that they do? I will read on.)

"We are about what they and men like them have made us." (Merely big chunks of putty worked over, I suppose.) "Once we were a little lower than the angels" (yes, but you fell and hurt your head and it made a brute of you); "we sat at home nights and watched the clock hands go 'round while the men folks were out whooping-it-up with the boys" (well, how is this? That is not in order with reading novels and leaving the men to roll under the table).

"We learned our lesson that the angel, being so far above the brute, must always be the loser." (Oh, pshaw! There is no such lesson as that in nature or anywhere else; no one can ever learn a lesson backwards; it is not in reason. You must be mistaken about women being angels once; do manage things orderly!)

"We left our perches; we sit comfortably on a lower limb. Men hate to climb, although

they love to talk; they sit on nearby boughs and sing to us; they chirp sonnets in our praise, and only the barnyard fowls on the fence squawk at our faults. When one comes to think of it, perhaps one's faults are what we love them most for." (Yes, *your* kind of "we's" act that way, no doubt.) "Perfect men or women or those who make characters in the papers, are great bores."—Kate Masterson.

Well, I declare! To be sure, they must be "great bores" to *you*; it is not in the order of things that they should be anything else. Birds of different feathers are always bores to one another, don-cher-know. Quack, quack, what's that you're singing?

We're going down to hades
With the devil in command,
Oh, isn't it just lovely!
Oh, isn't it just grand!
In the devil we're free;
With the devil we agree;
With our brothers we'll keep pace;
They'll not beat us in the race.
We feel the exhilaration

Of the downward grade,
Just as though 'twas the very thing
For which we were made.
We can now enjoy wrong
And that is why I sing this song.

But if you were angels once,
How did you descend so low?
By what process brutes you grow?
That is what I want to know.
Pray what was it you did sow
That did suit the devil so?
I'd not ask for any seed;
I'd not care to grow such feed.
I'm only curious to know
How such disorders e'er can grow?
Like one standing on their head,
It gives me the "conniptions"
To see such direful actions.

Just to think of it! A fine, sensitive, spiritualized, pure, ethical being, happy only in spiritual conditions, descending to the dull, sensual sensibilities of a brute! You make me smile all over and through me, and that smile expresses

as much amusement as a laugh loud enough for you to hear and be borne in upon your physical senses. You make me sick to my soul as though something did not agree with it, and I don't know where I am at—on the fence, I suppose, according to *your* tell.

"Quo, quo!" there's owls in the trees; hear them hoot. They love good things, that's us. "Ka, ka, kaduck!" Their eyesight is out of order; they love darkness. The light is darkness to them. "Ka, ka, kaduck!" Isn't that queer? So out of order! They think darkness is light. "Quo, quo!" When I come to think of it *I* don't love people for their faults.

There are "we's" and "we's," your "we's" and our "we's" and their "we's." Your "we's" are not the whole thing. And there are so many "I's," all kinds of "I's," and I don't want them mixed up. Listen, old trunk, to what some of the "we's" sing, the "we's" that like the devil:

Come devil, come devil,
We court your attention,
We love you, dear devil,
Indeed now we do!

Come devil, come devil,
Great are your dimensions,
It is strange how you
So great ever grew!

We bow to your greatness;
Your majesty's greatness,
And ponder how we
Can grow exactly like you.

Now devil, dear devil,
We're so much interested
In all of your antics,
Whatever you do.

You're a comrade, you are sir
More interesting by far, sir,
Than anything else
That is tamer than you.

As around us you whirl, sir,
Our hearts you do stir, sir,
It seems as though we
Are related to you.

It's a wild set we are, sir,
And you are our star, sir,
We give you fine feathers
Without any tar, sir.

We admire your skill, sir,
In defeating God's will, sir;
These bouquets we throw, sir,
From our heart they do grow, sir.

There is one we may cod, sir,
That one we call God, sir,
But we mean every word
That we are saying to you.

Did *I* make them sing that, old trunk? Oh, no, they sing it as naturally as though they had been born a singing it. It is a great song with them—it's a hit!

Here comes Alice Spencer Gibson. What is the burden of her mind, old trunk? Let's see.

"Women have as much right to swear, smoke and drink as men."

That is so, Alice, it looks to me as though

a woman has as much right to drink swill as a hog. Really, I mean no disrespect to the women or the hogs; they are both all right in their place, though it seems strange to me that they should have any desire to thus disport themselves.

Does it really cause vibrations of satisfaction to vibrate through one's being to do that sort of thing? Does drinking and swearing really make them happier? If so, what a devilish happiness, and devilish happiness is out of order! If one can not be happy in an orderly way it is best to be unhappy. Such things look just as right for a woman as a man, so says my reason, but why should a woman want to make a fool of herself because a man does? Is she so bound up in man that there is nothing that is anything to her *but* man? Is man her highest ideal; her star performer on the stage of life, that to drink, smoke and sport should fill the cup of woman's joy; that her cup should be so built as to hold such stuff as this? Well, it must be built after the wrong pattern. Poor, devilish happiness!

I once saw a woman drunk, and how happy she seemed to be! She did not "smile like a cat," but laughed loud and long, after the latest improved pattern of a laugh, I suppose. She must have felt devilish funny the way she laughed, but her happiness was not the proper order of happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME POETRY.

We are having quite a visit, old trunk; we seem to be so near to each other. What now? Ah, something I wrote that I called poetry, and was wicked enough to send it to an editor—poor editor! I know it bothered him and that he piled up a wish on his wish pile that has grown to enormous size from the same cause, that such as I had never been born. I know it is considered a bad thing to try to write poetry, but I can not always resist the temptation; in fact, it is about the only vice that I hanker after.

I can not say that what I make for poetry *is* poetry; perhaps it is a fraud; I do not know anything about poetry, and on these grounds I establish my innocence of attempting to impose upon the people. It may not be orderly according to the established order of poetry making. I believe I have read that poetry had to have

feet, and measure, and meter, and something else, but *I* wouldn't know where to put the feet or what measure to measure it with.

Well, my poetry is just as it was born. If it was born without feet, or its feet are in the wrong place, I am not responsible for it. If it was born a freak, why, it is a freak, and that's all there is to it.

Well, now, to be sure, my pet, I sent you to one editor and he would not claim you. I know I bothered him and I felt sorry for him. I felt as though I had done a mean thing, mean from one point of view, but I never could get that point of view out of my sight long enough to do such a mean thing to another editor. That explains why you are here, neglected and forgotten. We will read you over and revise your sentiment if we have got beyond it; there may have been some new lights turned on in my consciousness since I wrote you. The complexity of my feelings has lit up my life with many lights, and I am overwhelmed with perplexity when I try to harmonize what the lights reveal. Especially has this been so in my love affairs.

“THE IMMORTAL SOUL.”

*As the sun is to the darkness
So the soul is to the mind.
Would you feel your life grow grander,
Listen to your mind's commander.*

*It would reach its own true goal
Called salvation of the soul,
It would save itself from wreck,
Does not want a broken neck.*

All soul values stand for right,
Knock “Wall Street” clear out of sight,
Take some stock in it, I say,
In the end 'twill surely pay.

For the honor of the world
This soul should not be sold,
Not by any strong, false light
Can we make a wrong a right.

Lost is he who lacks soul sight
For to guide his steps aright,
Lost is he who will not heed it,
Thinking the dark world does not need it.

The successes of the soul
Are not measured by your gold,
Crushed and bleeding oft it lies
While with the world your mind it flies.

All spiritual good must prove immortal,
As physical death makes the assortall,
God will surely claim his own
No matter by whom or where it's grown.

You grow that which will not perish
When all that's truly good you cherish,
This the effect of some primeval cause
Acting through all nature's laws.

Would you invent a new revision
And reverse Divine decision?
Your rule of life must prove a fake,
For 'tis not the *soul* you shape.

And the reckoning will come
When with this life you're done,
Tell the truth and shame the devil,
Bring him to his natural level.

Honor bright for all that's right,
Honor bright by the soul's sight,
Protect a brother in the right
If in so doing you have to fight.

It strikes me that you're all great sleepers
For to be your brother's keepers,
No honored state or world's position
Can ever bring the soul's fruition.

The satisfaction of the soul
Discounts all others a thousand fold,
A slave to self you'll ever be
Until the soul shall set you free.

A discord your life will ever be
Until the soul brings peace to thee,
In peace, the world its joy will find
When strife and din are far behind.

As I view the world by my soul's light,
It presents to me a ghastly sight,
Turn on the light, turn on the light!
Turn on the light of your soul's sight!

Some might question, "by what authority do you know such stuff?" If I depended upon "authority" for knowing such things I wouldn't know much; we never can and never will know anything of an ethical nature unless we *feel* it.

We can not know ethical and ethereal things with our intellect; it is not in the system of nature to know them that way, and anyone who claims to know them that way just *does not* know them; that is all there is to it! What they know—being out of order—is a fraud, as *all* things out of order *are* frauds. We know with our intellect that the sum of two plus two is four; we reason such things out, but there are things we can't know by reasoning.

And now, what is imagination? and where shall we put you? You are a queer thing and have some queer pranks. When you come in contact with jealousy, and on a great many other occasions, you are out of order. What a fright you are sometimes! and then again, you are so nice and elevating. It is just according to whom you are chumming with in the interior arrangements of one's life. You are not

feeling—although you often generate feeling—and it is according, as I say, to whom you are chumming with, God or the devil, as to results.

I don't know what to do with you; you are good and bad. I guess I will hang you on the fence and consider you more fully some other time. I know soul feelings are not the result of imagination; soul feelings come over one without a thought, and as one develops in feeling and becomes in harmony with the Divine through love and righteousness, they begin to know and understand God, and feel His love. Yes, God is love; the substance, the essence of love not to be measured by our own little, narrow, personal love; it is something we have to grow into before we can comprehend, and then we will find that this harmony with Divine good is *heaven*—something no worldly joy can measure.

Is conscience a feeling? Yes, conscience is right in order as a feeling, a grand and noble feeling; a feeling which will eventually put the world in order with the law, "love thy neigh-

bor as thyself," which is equal to: "Do unto others as you would they do unto you."

That would be the result of God's kind of love. Some people persist in measuring His love and everything else by their own little measure. They also persist in fixing God's measure of value as the "Gold Standard," thus making it material instead of spiritual. They say: "God, give me some money; give me some candy; make me a doll; allow me to rob some one for such things; make me happy,—the *fools!*

Don't they know that if God loves them and has any little narrow supervisions over them in a personal way that He will bring into their life that which brings them nearer to Him, and true happiness? It is not at all likely that God is going to throw any one overboard if He loves them, just because it is their whim that being thrown overboard brings them a sensation of pleasure.

Oh, this trash! They will haul it away faster than I can pile it up. What kind of a spite is it they have against an old maid that

makes them so determined to impose upon her? Oh, this tied up feeling! If I ever get loose I think I shall be very happy. What I appreciate most I seem to be shut away from by natural environments—the desert of life.

Who was it that once told me, “the less I believed of what people said the happier I would be”? Well, I did not believe *her*, because I knew she lied. She judged me by herself. To think any one could be made happier from such a cause made me feel very sad, for the less faith *I* have in humanity the more misery it brings me. It is sad, so sad, this slipping away from faith in humanity, but it shall not all slip away from me; I can never lose faith in myself and for that reason must ever retain a fragment for the rest of humanity.

Yes, it makes me feel lonesome and homesick, this loss of faith in humanity, but as long as we can trust *ourselves*, we must still believe there are others that are worthy of trust.

CHAPTER IX.

“NEW THOUGHT?”

Well, I have got some things straightened out, but how long will they stay there? I have so much straightening, old trunk, that I don't know as I will ever get *you* straightened. What is this? Oh, yes, I remember, some new fangled ideas that are out of order with everything and bring joy and consolation to the heart of the schemer, sends the honest man to perdition, thus turning things topsy turvy generally. Where did such “New Thought” spring from? Did he *feel* it? If he did he must be one of the greatest scoundrels in creation. Let us see what he says, old trunk.

“ONE CAUSE OF POVERTY.”

“Much poverty and distress results from one being cheated—the unwise gets taken in. An adept says: ‘Man in his foolishness and the illusions of his mind gets cheated much, and

hard as it may appear to some, it is a truth that only those ever get cheated who deserve to be cheated.’

“A greedy, mean, selfish man is always a foolish man and is always open to countless schemes whereby he is cheated. Indeed, his mental vibrations draw and attract tricksters, schemers and robbers. There is a cause for every effect. Men are robbed and cheated because of a cause within their being. Selfishness, a lack of love, a lack of faith and hope all deaden intuition and keep a man unwise, and a man who lacks inner light does not know, is unwise, and is overcredulous, and credulous people are selfish people. Wisdom from God within one’s soul never permits one to be cheated, robbed or wronged.”

Is that an emanation from the devil?

Is it the devil pleading his cause? Or is it a joke? I think it’s a joke, and I’ll put it in the joke department. I think, however, that I can make a better joke of the same nature.

“Oh, mamma, Johnny cheated me in this game of euchre.”

"You naughty, selfish, greedy boy, to vibrate in such a way as to make poor, innocent brother cheat you! Come here and let me spank you—there, now, if this ever occurs again, if you don't stop your foolishness and be wise in worldly wisdom, which is God, I'll spank you harder next time."

I believe there is something yet in my trunk which reminds me of a green place in my life.

Yes, I have found it.

THE REMINISCENCES OF FURY.

I am a dog—a good dog—a bad dog—a clean dog—a dirty dog—and a big feeling dog.

I know I am all these things, because I have been told so by my people, whom I trust and believe in.

They have sometimes addressed me with the remark—"You are *nothing* but a *dog*," which was made in a tone of feigned contempt, and, I presume, inspired by the thought that I assumed too much dignity for one of my kind.

Another evidence I have that I am a dog,

others, which I felt were of my kind, have been pointed out to me as dogs.

I know I am a good dog, because I have been told so with great earnestness by my people, whom I trust and believe in. I know I am a bad dog, for the same reason.

By these words, good and bad, I learned to distinguish between right and wrong. When I was good, I was approved of; when I was bad, I was punished. This was a sore trial to my sensitive heart, and so I resolved to be good—or, just as near good as my knowledge could establish what it was to be good.

I know I am a big feeling dog, for in my people's conversation they often refer to me as big feeling, and I believe what my people say, as they never say anything they do not mean, unless it is a joke, and I can always detect a joke by the tone of voice, and that subtle influence behind the voice which sometimes reaches my consciousness, and expresses more to me than words.

I feel that I am a very interesting dog, and that a story of my life will be well received.

I am old, and crippled with the rheumatism, and can find no other way to scatter my pent up energies than to recall my life, and scratch it down.

Oh, those happy days, when I was able to scratch and dig for game with these same claws—and when I caught that game, what a sweet satisfaction swept over my being for having done something worth while.

It was so great a thing to me to be allowed to follow the instincts of my being, and receive the enthusiastic sympathy of my people, who were all the world to me.

I am sorry to say, it was not always I could obey these same instincts, and receive the reward of their sympathy. I loved my people, and tried to please them; but I found I could not live my dog's life in every way, and always do as they wished, yet under their firm, gentle influence, I became quite like them, and could take pleasure in what they enjoyed.

Another thing so hard to bear, I had to be doctored, which consisted of being washed in a tub of water, and rubbed afterwards. This

hurt my dignity, and I found it very hard to be good under the circumstances, and curb my pent up feelings of being abused by those I most dearly loved. Yet, all I could do was to show my teeth in a threatening manner, just grin, and bear it, as you people say.

I learned to know when preparations were being made for my sousing, and would resort to my quarters under the back kitchen—yet, by so doing, always prolonged my misery through my long feeling of dread, which was sure to be followed by the carrying out of their designs, which I could not see any sense in.

I have lived a very happy life, although being of a very energetic nature, I always wanted to be doing something, and there was not as much to do as I would liked to have done.

FURY.

CHAPTER X.

BACHELOR BUMBLEBEE.

Oh, yes, Bachelor Bumblebee again, who is here trying to bring order out of chaos in an editor's mind. If I could only get these editors to running right! But they like to run out of order to please the people; they know better, some of them, but they imagine an editor is a machine run by the people and they have got to grind out the people's grist, so they hoot with the owls and sing with the frogs and act just as though they did not know any better. How that Postman and Newsman used to fight! And how severely patriotic was the Postman. Bachelor Bumblebee was right in line with him, to be sure.

I learned the News manager said he would put the writer of this in the penitentiary if he knew who it was. So I have had some nar-

row escapes from both men and the penitentiary. "Sweet danger!" But to the letter:

"Mista post man

"it hez bin a long time since i rit ye an i hope ye dont feel niglected as i regret to say i hev bin sic, which prevented me from a exersisin of that spirit of paterism with which i hev bin fired. it is a deep regrit i feel that the war is ended as it hez prevented a grate many from exersisin of a spirit of paterism which hez fired em, an to it hez prevented many from becomin grate men. i might even hev become a grate man miself if i hed of hed the opportunity, an the question to be a considerin ov now is how to exercise that spirit ov paterism which hez taken hole on me, as a result ov a consultin the galverston news man. he sais go an shoot the post man, wipe im of the face ov the arth sez he, an you will be a sarvin ov yer coountry in the rite wa, ov which projec i hev bin a considerin, sez i to miself i will consult the post man onto the subjic, i will ask him if he is willin to die like a brave man for his coountrys good. sez i to miself im afeerd

not it mite git him into a place that is not american and wood hev no american flag a waivin over him, an im afeerd sich a place would be hell for him considerin the state ov his mind, an will he be willin to face hell fur his coontrys good. im afeerd not sez i, an as a projec to fall bac on sez i to ~~my~~ ~~myself~~ ill face death bi a jumpin of the brige into the byo an thus brave death fur mi coontrys good, an you kin put it in the paper this ere wa after we done it

“Our esteemed sitzen Mr Bumblebee havin bin taken hole on bi paterism an being unable too work it ov in a wa he felt rite about, the war bein over an havin no other chance to do anithin fur his coontry, braved certain deth bi jumpin ov the brige into the byo an thus met certain death fur his coontrys good.

“we hole this up to public view as a grate an noble example ov a brave an paterotic man an hope there are others that hev their coontrys good as near the hart an will follow his noble example

as to a discushin ov the war as i sed before

it come to an end intirely to soon altho results ma be ov a little industries sich as solder man-
erfacterin bizness, etc. an to it will gin the
grate politic parties somthin new for disagrein
on which will be ov an edicatin nater to the
people. no wonder american people iz smart, in
no other coountry on the arth hev they got sich
pollitix partis to edicate em, an it is did so
unselfishly that is the booty ov it an so now
with america she can do eny thin she wants
to an it will be all rite. she is a gettin so much
prestig your old frind

“B. BUMBLEBEE.”

Oh, patriotism! come and get me! Let me
feel you! You must be a queer, interesting
thing to feel, I never could understand you; as *I*
see you you are one of the world's menagerie
animals decked in the fashionable finery of re-
spectability, making a show of yourself as a
great factor in civilization. Oh vain pretense!
Oh, vanity supreme! The God of earth! You
cover a multitude of sins through the illusions
of the mind, and must we add to your other

sins, the love of man for woman. We have it from high authority—Dorothy D——, that “no man has the courage to admire a woman that no other man admires.”

Poor little word, love! With all your other trouble this load of vanity you have to bear is enough to pull you down to great depths. I have often wondered what man's love for woman is? I have been told by those that thought they were in a position to know more of it than an old maid that it was nothing but sensuality—the lust of the flesh—and that no *man* ever loves as a true woman loves. But I do not believe it! As an old maid I have some faith left in the men. There may be one in ten thousand, or perhaps less than ten thousand, that loves as a true woman loves, but all women are not alike; all men are not alike. Why, if men's love is what women say it is, what possible satisfaction can it be to them?

We thank God, Dorothy D——, that ours has not been the fate to hold an empty cup of vanity to our lips and partake of its nothingness.

Oh, vanity! so powerful in worldly things to crush out Godly things and wreck real life! Oh, vanity, selfishness and passion, ye offspring of ignorance, your presence of nothingness made into seeming greatness by a shallow, unthinking world! Such is life. How hard this world does work to preserve that which will eventually perish; that which I am trying to get into my trash pile.

CHAPTER XI.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Oh, dear, old trunk, I am tired of you and yet have scarcely begun to bring you to a state of order. I wonder if I feel too orderly? I might have been a respectable, interesting married woman—or grass widow—if I did not feel so orderly. Who is to blame for my being a disagreeable, orderly old maid? Not you, Tom; neither will I lay the blame on Len, Drummond and some other unmentionables, but this half-whole, empty, incomplete feeling; this longing for something one has not got—and can't get!

Some recommend gold and lands and such stuff, with a man thrown in, just as though such trash would fill up one's life. No, nothing material could fill up this void in my life; there is no reality in such stuff; it could never generate the feelings I have felt—that I call

love—a healthy, pure, soul-inspiring, harmonious love that is perfect in its order with God's laws to produce harmony and heaven. How cheap such a love makes all other loves appear! How cheap are worldly things when compared to the spirit's values!

Oh, there's plenty of strife
In an old maid's life,
Strife that prevents her
Becoming a wife!

When the body says yes,
The soul says no!
When the reason says yes
The body says—no!

And the soul she builds
A barricade rare,
And there is no door
And there is no stair.

But when the soul says yes
And the reason says yes,
What a sympathy grand,
This heaven tuned band!

Presents to the senses of woman, perhaps, not men. Never being a man, I can not feel for them with their feelings, but being a woman I have felt all these feelings and know quite well that I felt them. Oh, perfect peace and Holy harmony, shall I never know you again? You are the greatest happiness—by far the greatest—that it is in my power to know; to feel, and, through feeling, believe in.

It was through you that I knew God; that I first realized I possessed a soul; that my mind grasped the reality of things. But to know you and then be plunged into an anguish of spirit that you alone can bring, and all this, through a man one has never seen—never seen with the physical eyes—brings one in touch with the realities of life and the proper order of things.

I can not understand men; neither can I understand women. I hear many women say that they never have loved any man, and *I* consider that a woman who has never thus loved is in her proper sphere as an old maid. But not so with *these* women; some of them are much

married legally, and others are much married illegally, and the mystery of it to me is, how can any woman enjoy the most sacred expression of love with a man she does *not* love? This is something I can not reason out and no one can answer for me, because I would lack their feelings to comprehend.

Oh, love! again I ask, what are you? You express so many different feelings and you are getting so bad, apparently. They must think you are getting to be the devil's own, for they talk of firing you and try to prescribe for you as some dreadful disease, but if they had the world cured of love, what would there be left? You are all right; it is them that have gone wrong. "To the pure all things are pure." When we all get to be pure in heart you will be all right. "Evil is to him who evil thinketh." If you are made up of evil, impure, imperfect stuff, through human agencies in one's own organism, you are not to blame for that; they shall not lay the blame on you; I will not have it that way!

The joys you bring are a great satisfaction;
A fullness, a completeness of the inner life.

And thus they are not the fruits of desire
That makes a pleasure as feeling as fire.

When passion kneels before love's shrine,
Then it is, passion becomes divine.

Passion should not be your conquering foe,
Cupid,
Only serve the love that's created above.

There, now, love, I have tried to give you
a good washing out and I will now hang you
on the fence with imagination and examine
you later when you get dry.

There they are at my trash pile, pulling
things out that I have piled up! I wonder if
I ever will get that heap in a shape to burn?
I am quite sure that when I do burn it the
world will come to an end, for I am putting all
the worldliness in it that I can find, and when
the worldliness is taken out of the world, there
won't be any world left. Good night, old trunk
—goodby, old world!

CHAPTER XII.

A LETTER TO A MARRIED MAN.

Denver, Colo., June 19, 1906.

I am writing to you, Harry—you of 3 Frances Place, Chicago, formerly of Beaver Dam, Wis.—you of the Irish name—you who admonished me not to write, and whom I never had the honor of having promised to obey.

I feel impelled to write. I shall feel better—more contented—when it is done. I feel like writing and telling you all about myself as I used to do. You were single then—now you are married.

Perhaps the world will say I am no lady, if I write thus to a married man. I do not care whether I am a lady or not. I am sometimes addressed as lady by both porters and millionaires.

It was a porter who once offered to do my scrubbing—said it was not ladies' work. Evidently he did not approve of scrub ladies.

A man once told me he would make a lady of me, if I would marry him. What process he would have put me through to have carried out his wild scheme is more than I know, and my caution outweighed my curiosity.

Harry, it is for you to laugh, and for me to smile inside—scornfully, disdainfully. In the long ago I expressed a feeling of inferiority to you. I am changed. I am more than I was in those days, and being more, I am greater.

I was quite an artist when you knew me. At the present time I am a skilled washerwoman, a fine chambermaid, and still more. In being still more, I am what you have helped to make me.

You may feel ashamed of your work, or otherwise. Be that as it may, I am not what is most common for men to help make women. I have attained heights. I have not risen to these heights on slipping stones of my dead conscience. There is no fall coming to me.

It is a great thing to be a washerwoman and not feel inferior. Would you like me to do your family washing, Harry? Work for par-

cels post—with parcels post established, it will be possible for you, of Chicago, to have your washing skillfully done in Colorado. But do not work for it through these selfish motives, Harry; work for it because it is the greatest good to the greatest number.

It will be a good exercise for your conscience. You being a lawyer, I am afraid your conscience does not get proper exercise. I believe that you once had a good conscience, Harry, but whether it has, by proper care, been kept in good condition and repair, I do not know. I do so admire a flourishing conscience.

Lawyers, as a rule, get their heads so full of law that it crowds out all moral sense they may have possessed. Law, Harry, is very artificial when it does not emit the odor of moral sense. It is a dangerous artificial. It is evil. When law with its technicalities parts company with moral sense, it is a fraud.

I did not address you—I did not preach to you in this superior way in those days that I expressed a feeling of inferiority to you, did I Harry? When one can become a washer-

woman and not feel inferior to any one, one knows one really is somebody; one feels solid. I care no more—it hurts me no more, for any one to put on airs above me than if they were little bantam hens and roosters.

I was once told by a clairvoyant that she could see me smile while my heart was breaking, and this indicated I was possessed of a sorrow no one knew of. I send you that smile in this letter, Harry. It is not the Siren smile. It will not demoralize you. You will understand, for you are more than modeled clay, a rag, and a diamond pin. You have a soul, I have felt it.

This smile, Harry, is not as though the photographer had told me to smile and look pleasant. It is not artificial. I feel this smile; also I feel other things. This is the complexity of my life.

“Evil is to him who evil thinketh,” has its application which cannot be classified. What of, “Do not that which would cause thy sister to offend,” do you ask?

I am a washerwoman. I do not set fashions.

There is no danger of women establishing the fad of writing to married men through me.

Had I the power to set the fashion—were I master of the combination, I would pull the wires for the people to dance a different jig from what they do. I would make honesty fashionable and hope that the growth of the spirit might be in harmony with the performance. They might by practicing under the law, grow into the law. I am not under the law. I am the law. My life vigorously pulsates the law. I would grow stronger in this life which makes the life of the world seem crude to me. It is the only life to live for. It is the only life to die for. It is the life that would make this world the most beautiful world in the universe, with no other selfish motive behind it than a real love of the beautiful. It is a life that would make humanity and its works a scene of harmonious effects. It is the life that would make marriage a success. It is a life that

would create through each individual all things of value which that individual would be capacitated to create, with no other selfish motive than satisfying the creative energy behind it. It is a life that does conform to the energy of its own source.

It does not express one thing and feel another.

It wears no mask.

It tells no lies.

It steals no one's life, health, muscle, brains or money.

It is a life that *imposes* upon no one. Ah, how much that word expresses! Am I imposing upon you?

I never impose upon any one in my daily walk of life.

I give every one I deal with more than a "square deal," I give them the best of the bargain.

I do better unto others than I would that they would do unto me.

This is why I feel myself above my country,

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil Company, the Beef Trust and some other things.

(I do not feel so superior just because I am an old maid. I often think I would rather be a grass widow with one child. It is my only vain regret. Yet it is much better, perhaps, as it is.)

This is why I feel this deep contempt for their despicable methods. I feel in my ideals. I am my ideals. My ideals are not stars in the sky of my life that I look at occasionally and try to admire.

I suppose you understand that this feeling of superiority is not based upon the standards of the world—such as I am, an American, not a Chinaman, etc. I wonder why this country thinks it can do things to China, that China may not do to it. Why these special privileges of a Christian nation? What's the graft? I smile inside—scornfully—disdainfully.

We spit upon China, but we would not care to have China spit upon us. Our spit is different. Whoever is spit upon by an American should consider it a favor, for we spit upon

people to make them more like us, and we are great. To spit upon Chinamen and rub it in might make white men and Christians of them. This is what we understand by, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Our understanding is great. If we could only make China thus understand our religion so that she would do to us what we had done to her—spit upon us, and give us a boost. We need something of that sort. I do not find the law, love thy country, in holy writ; neither do I find it in my life. I love principles, not countries or personalities. I feel enthusiastic love for principles. If I find these principles in the life of a millionaire, I love them there. If I find them in the life of a porter, I love them there. If in the life of a Chinaman, I love them there. If in my own life I find them, I love them just the same. So you see, Harry, I respect people for what they are worth. Not worth in gold, and bonds, and stocks; but worth in my measure of value, you understand. Yes, I believe *you* do understand, and I am *writing* to *you*.

Do I love money? I work hard for it and save it, so perhaps you would say, I love it. I do not. I love home, and money will buy me a home.

Above all things I love independence, and money well earned means independence. There are many other things I love, that are worthy my love. I love harmony—harmony is order—discord is disorder—not a mechanical order, but a natural order. Would you not agree with me in this, Harry?

Would you stir them up in a kettle together and call the mess harmony? Would you obliterate all distinctions in your unsavory mess?

Would you say the fine musician with certain senses attuned to fine harmony is at fault when discords of an inharmonious execution strikes his ear, and drives him nearly wild? It may be his pupil practicing the mechanical order, and it is necessary to practice the mechanical order to develop the true order.

It is best to do right, even though we do not, in the spirit, feel right. Right is order. Wrong is disorder.

Would you tell me one attuned to divine harmony is a sinner because of the misery one suffers on account of the false notes struck, the discords sounded, in opposition to what one feels?

Would you, Harry—would you? If *you* would, not I.

Sincerely yours,

MATTIE CORY.



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